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THE LADY OF THE HEAVENS.

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(Continued.)

"Thou thinkest," screamed the dwarf, ignoring this ominous suggestion, "thou thinkest, when she is gone, to be queen in her place, or to rule as high priestess through this White

"If I do, that will be a bad hour for thee, Eddo," replied Noie. "It shall not be, woman. No bastard shall reign here as Mother of the Trees while the nations round cringe before her feet. I have spells; I have poisons; I have slaves who can shoot with ar-

"Then use them if thou canst, thou evil-doer," said Noie, contemptuously.
"Aye, I will use them all, and not on thee only, but on that white witch whom thou lovest. She shall never pass living from this land that is ringed in by the desert and the forest. She shall choose me to reign through her as her high priest or she shall die—die miserably. For a little while that old hag, Nya, may protect her with her wisdom, but when she passes, as she must, and quickly, for I will must, and quickly, for I will res beneath this fallen tree of hers, then I tell thee the Beautiful One choose between my rule and

Now Noie would hear no more.

"Dog," she cried, "filthy night-bird, darest thou speak thus of the Inkosazana? Another word and I will offer that heart of thine to the sun thou hatest," and snatching the spear from Rachel's hand, she charged at him. Rachel's hand, she charged at him,

holding it aloft.

Eddo saw her come. With a scream of fear he leapt to his feet, and ran swiftly along the bole till he reached the mass of the fallen branches. Into these he sprang, swinging himself from bough to bough like an ape until he vanished amongst the dark green follage. Then having quite lost sight of him, Noie returned laughing to Rachel, by whom stood the old Mother of the Trees who had slid from her arms, and gave her back the spear, saying in the dwarf langauge. in the dwarf langauge,

This Eddo speaks great words, but is also a great coward."
Yes, yes," answered the old woman, "Yes, yes," answered the old woman, "he is a great coward, because like all our folk he fears the Red Death, but, child. I tell thee he is terrible. He hates me because I rule through the white art, not the black, but while my tree stood he must obey me, and I was safe. Now it is down, and he may kill me if he can, according to the custom of my land, and set up another to be queen, she at whose feet my tree bowed itself and fell by the will of the Heavens, and whom, therefore, the people will accept. Through her he will wield all the power of the Ghostkings, over whom no man may rule kings, over whom no man may rule but a woman only. Come, Child, and thou, White One, come also. I know where we may hide. Lady, the power that was mine is thine; protect me till I die, and in payment I will give thee

whatever thy heart desires."
"I ask no payment." Rachel answered wearliy, when she understood the words, "and I think that it is I who need protection from that wicked dwarf."

dwarf."

Then guided by Nya, who clung to Rachel's hand, they walked down the bole of the free and along a great branch, till at length they reached a place whence they could climb to the ground. Before they were clear of the boughs the dethroned Mother, from whose round eyes the tears fell, turned and kissed the bark of one of them, walling aloud.

"Farewell, thou mighty one, under whose shade I, and the queens of my race before me, have dreamed for centuries. Thou art fallen beneath the stroke of heaven, and great was thy fall, and I am fallen with thee. Save me from the Red Death, O Spirit of my tree, that in the land of ghosts I still may sleep beneath thy shade for eyer."

Then she ran to the very point of the "Touch it not" cried Nya "if is "Touch it not "cried Nya "if is "Touch it not" cried Nya "if is "Touch it not "cried Nya "if is "Touch it

Then she ran to the very point of the tree and broke off its topmost twig; which was covered with narrow and shining green leaves, and holding it in her hand, returned to Rachel.

"I will plant it," she said, "and perchance it will grow to be the house of queens unborn. Come now, come," and she turned her face towards the forest. The thunder had rolled away, and from time to time the sun shone fiercely, so fiercely that, unable to bear its rays, all the dwarfs who were gathered about the fallen tree had retreated into the shadow of the other trees around the open space. There were no gates to this wall, but while they wondered how it could be entered. Nya led them to a kind of the enclosure. There were no gates to this wall, but while they wondered how it could be contricted. Nya led them to a kind of the enclosure. There were no gates to this wall, but while they wondered how it could be contricted. Nya led them to a kind of the enclosure. There were no gates to this wall, but while they wondered how it could be contricted. Nya led them to a kind of our popular teachers on Friday morning the first of the genial secretary of the genial secretary of the genial secretary of the center stove. There were no gates to this wall, but while they wondered how it could be contricted. Nya led them to a kind of our popular teachers on Friday morning the three of them, seems at the proper time of night and at the right place.

"I will plant it," she said, "and perchance it will prove to the candidates are few and far between. Death has claimed the favorite cat of the genial secretary of the Center Stove Club. This makes a good chance for some one charitably inclined to put a surplus feline in a bag and untie the same at the proper time of night and at the right place.

Miss Esther Frink, teacher of the Elm street school, entertained two of our popular teachers on Friday morning in the new barn of clarence B. Burr.

E. E. Curtiss, under the direction of Clarence B. Burr.

Harmony Grange meets on Friday are very interesting o

Nya looked at him sadly, and answered,
"I remember. Thou shouldst have died, for thy sin was great, but, I laid a lesser burden on thee. Man, thou canst not kill me yet; my tree is down, but it is not dead."

She held up the green bough in her hand and looked at him from beneath it, then went on slowly, "Man, my wisdom remains with me, and I tell thee that before I die thou shalt die, and not as thou desirest. Remember my

not as thou desirest. Remember my words, people of the Ghosts."

Then she walked on with the others, leaving the dwarf staring after her with a face wherein hate struggled

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want it to speak for itself.

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with fear. "Thou liest," he screamed after her "thy power is gone with thy tree." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when they heard a crash which caused them to look round. A bough, broken by the storm, had fallen from on high. It had fallen on to the head of the dwarf, and there he lay crushed and deed.

"Ah!" piped the other dwarfs point-ing towards the corpse with their fing-ers, and closing their eyes to shut out the sight of blood, "ah! Nya is right, she still has power. Those who would kill her must wait till her tree dies."
Taking no heed of what had happened, Nya walked on into the forest. For a while Rachel noted the little huts built, each of them, at the foot of a tree. There were hundreds of these huts that they could see, showing that the people were many, but by degrees they grew fewer, only one was visible here and there, set beneath some parti-cularly vigorous and handsome timber. At last they ceased altogether; they had passed through that city, the strangest city in the world.

strangest city in the world.

Trees—everywhere trees, hundreds of trees, tens of thousands of trees soarling up to heaven, making a canopy of their interlacing boughs, shutting out the light so that beneath them was a deep oppressive gloom. There was slience also, for if any beasts or birds dwelt there the hurricane had seared dwelt there the hurricane had seared dwelt there the hurricane had scared them away, silence, only broken from time to time by the crash of some

ruin, to be buried in a tomb of brushwood whence in due course its successor would arise.

"Another life gone," said the old
woman, Nya, fitting before them like
a little grey ghost, every time that this
weird sound struck upon their ears;
"whose was it, I womer? I will look
in my bowl, I will look in my bowl."
For, as Rachel discovered afterwards,
these people believed that the snirt of these people believed that the spirit of each tree of the forest is attached to the spirit of a human being, although that being may dwell in other lands, far away, which dies when the tree dies, sometimes slowly by disease, and sometimes in swift collapse, so that they pass together into the world of

ghosts.
On they flitted through the gloom, o words to her, the face of the old queen was filled with horror, and as her face of the old queen was filled with horror, and as her face was filled with horror, and a came upon a clearing in the forest. It seemed to be a natural, or, at any came upon a clearing in the lorest. It seemed to be a natural, or, at any rate, a very ancient clearing, since in it no stumps were visible, nor any scrub, or creepers, only tail grass and flowering plants. In the centre of this place, covering a quarter of it, perhaps, was a vast circular wall, fifty feet or more in height, and clothed with ferns. This wall, they noted, was bullt of huge blocks of stone, so huge indeed that it seemed wonderful that they could have been moved by human beings. At the sight of that marvellous wall, Rachel and Noie halted involuntarily, and Noie asked,

"Who made it, Mother?"

"The glants who lived when the world yas young. Can our hands lift such stones?" Nya answered, as bending down, she thrust the top shoot from her fallen tree into the humid soil, then added: "On, child, there is danger here."

As she spoke something hissed through the add instant hands here here!"

children, they all watched, and Rachel they saluted with their raised hands, but to her who had been their mother for unknown years, they did no reverence. Only one hideous little man ran up to her and called out, "Thou didst punish me once, old woman, now why should I not kill thee in payment? Thy tree is down at last."

Nya halted, betkoning to them, where-on, recognising her, they dropped the

wall, which towered so high above them that they walked almost in dark ness, and at each turn of it were recesses, and above these projecting
stones, where archers could stand for
its defence. At length this path ended
in a cul-de-sac, for in front of them
was nothing but blank masonry. Whilst
Rachel and Nole stared at it wondering whither they should go now, a large stone in this wall turned, leaving a narrow doorway through which they passed, whereen it shut again behind them, though by what machinery they

Thus they passed through the wall, emerging, however, at a different point in its circumference to that at which in its circumference to that at which they had entered. In the centre of the enclosure rose the hill of earth that they had seen from without, which evidently was kept free from weeds and swept, and on its crest grew the huge cedar-like tree, the Tree of the Tribe. Between the base of this hill and the foot of the wall was a wide ring of level ground, also swept and weeded, and on this space, neatly arranged in lines, were hundreds of little hillocks that resembled ant-heaps.

"The burying-place of the Ghost-priests, Lady," said Nya, nodding at the hillocks. "Soon my bones will be added to them."

added to them.' Walking across this strange ceme-tery, they came to the foot of the mound that was entirely overshadowed by the cedar above, from the outspread we say about our Pile Remedy. We want it to speak for itself.

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be shed, no, not that of the most wick-ed evil-doer. If any one of the fam-ily of the priests reaches this place living, the glory of the White Death is won. Follow and sec.

So they followed her up the mound, past what looked like the entrance to a cave, until they reached a low fence of reeds whereof the gate stood open. "The gate is open, but enter not there," whispered the old Mother of the Trees, "for those who enter there live not long. Look, Lady look." Rachel peered through the gate, but so dense was the gloom in that holy spot, that at first she could only see

the enormous red bole of the cedar, and the ghostly, moss-clad branches which sprang from it at no great height above the ground. Presently, however, her eyes, grown accustomed to the light, distinguished several little whiterobed figures seated upon the earth at some distance from the trunk staring into vessels of wood which were placed before them. These figures appeared to be those of both men and women, while one was that of a child. Even as they watched, the figure nearest to them fell over its bowl and lay quite them fell over its bowl and lay quite still, whereon those around it set up a feeble, piping cry, that yet had in it a note of gladness. The dwarf-mutes who had accompanied them, and who alone seemed to have a right of entry into this sad place, ran forward and looked. Then very gently they lifted up the fallen figure and bore it out. As it was carried past them Rachel noted that it was the body of quite a young woman, whose little face, wasted to nothing, still looked sweet and gentle.

and gentle.
"Was she ill?" asked Rachel in an awed voice. "Perhaps," answered the Mother, shaking her grey head, "or perhaps she was very unhappy, and came here to die. What does it matter? She is happy now."

happy now."
"Ask her, Noie, if all must die who them away, such that the crash of some time to time by the crash of some time to the free from generation to generation. To touch its stem is to perish to the crash of the crash of some time to time to the crash of some time to time by the crash of some time to time by the crash of some time to time to time to time to time to time to the crash of soon or late, for it is the Tree of Life and Death, and in it dwells the Spirit of the whole race."

"What then would happen if it fell down, or was destroyed like your tree, Mother?"

"Then the race would perish also," answered Nya, "since their Spirit would lack a home and depart to the world of Ghosts, whither they must follow. When it dies of old age, if it

should ever die, then the race will die with it."

"And if someone should cut it down, Mother, what then?"

Now when Noie translated these words to her, the face of the old queen

would perish and pass down vengeand

would perish and pass down vengeance among the ghosts, such vengeance as may not be spoke. Put that thought from thy mind, I pray thee, and let it never pass thy lips again."

"Do you believe all this Noie?" asked Rachel in English with a smile.

"Yes, Zoola." answered Noie, shuddering, "for it is true. My father told me of it, and of what happened once to some wild men who broke the sanctuary, and shot arrows at the Tree No. no, I will not tell the story; it is dreadful."

"Yet it must be foolishness, Noie,

"Yet it must be foolishness, Nole, for how can a tree have power over the lives of men?"

(To be Continued.)

MONROE

Lenten service Thursday evening at 7:30 at St. Peter's. A visiting clergy-man is expected to be present. Rev. Mr. France, rector of St. Paul's at Huntington, was present last Wednesday evening and delivered an interesting address on the Beatitudes.

Work is rushing on the new barn of
E. E. Curtiss, under the direction of

Norwich, Monday.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St.
Peter's church will hold a fair at the
town hall. Tuesday, April 12. No
postponement. The fair opens at 5
p. m. and continues during the even-

ing. Any one desirous of spending both afternoon and evening will find it convenient to have coffee, sandwiches and cake served them at small tables for a small sum. There will be a sale of fancy and domestic articles are also because the same of be a sale of fancy and domestic arti-cles, home made candles, cake, lemon-ade, etc. A fish pond for the children and a small amount of money will buy an attractive present. There will also be a musical program. No admission will be charged and all are cordially invited to attend this first after Len-

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